CASTLE-THE ENGLISH HARVEST PESTIVAL

THE HOME OF JOHN WARHINGTON.

Saints, built, as it appears by an inscription in the inside, in the year 1601. Near by is Cave Castle, now the residence of Henry Barnard, esq. (the Barnards still own the estate). The mansion is a large and noble structure, orna-mentad with a number of turrets, battlements.

mented with a number of turrets, battlements, buttresses, &c., which give it an air of mag-

BUINS OF BAYARD CASTLE.

Midway between Beverley and Hull are the

almost extinct remains of a mansion that ranks

romance, called the ruins of Bayard Castle.

In the immediate vicinity of these ruins has sprung up a beautiful, healthy and populous village, called Cottingham, where the wealthy and business men of Hull have charming cot-

and dusiness men of Hull have charming cot-tages, gardens and parks. The history of this romantic town dates back to the time when the "Domesday Book" was compiled—to the time when Wm. Stutesville, sheriff of York-shire, entertained King John at his house, in A. D. 1200, and obtained from that monarch a license to hold a market and fairs here, and to fortify his cartle. This manufactor required.

fortify his castle. This massion remained a monument of feudal magnificence in the successive possession of the Stutes-villes, the Bigods and the De Wakes,

until the reign of Henry VIII, when it was destroyed by fire. The story of the con-

but the houseless baron was in no humor to receive presents from a person whose friend-ship he so much dreaded, and this once famous

THE PARISH CHURCH OF COTTINGHAM

is a large and handsome Gothic structure, built

in the year 1272 and dedicated to St. Mary the

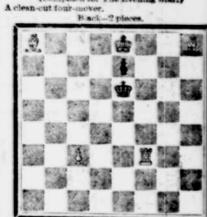
"The embellishments of the interior corre-

ondence of The Evening Sta

of the deepest interest.

States. Originally they were, perhaps, the

White to play and mate in three move PROBLEM No. 18.





White to play and mate in three m GAME No. 10.

PETICUES FOR THE HUNT.

to the prey gods. auction or at private sale are weighted and the weight entered on a ticket given to the owner. OTHER DEITIES. There are other delties deside the prey gods

to buyer and seller.

At first, perhaps, a market as extensive and well conducted as the Beverley and Driffield markets would drag far back of support, but patience and perseverance would in time se cure popularity and a liberal support. THE HARVEST PESTIVAL.

territory, which is pre-eminently the garden of the kingdom, in an agricultural sense, and, in addition, possessing a very extensive com-merce—the largest manufacturing establishments in the world, and unsurpassed for mechanical skill. Then, again, the antiquities, curiosities and scenery of this land are Yorkshire is England's largest county and is richest in minerals, manufacturing industry, romantic scenery, gorgeous cathedrals and

preached.

The present chapel is comparatively a new structure, commodious and pleasing in its general appearance, particularly so on this occa-Just nine miles from this ancient and illustrious city of Beverley is Cave Castle, a large and noble structure and once the home of large and noble structure and once the home of John Washington, the great grandfather of George Washington. From this identical castle John Washington emigrated to America about the year 1657 (the last year of the reign of "Bloody Queen Mary") and settled at Bridge's Creek, in the county of Westmore-land, Va. During the brief reign of Mary, four and a half years, 237 persons suffered martyrdom and nundreds fled from the country to escape a like fate. It is possible that John Washington considered his life was at stake to remain and sought the new world as a refuge from religious persecution. from religious persecution.

In a history of Yorkshire, printed in 1822, I find the following brief description of this Castle:

"Nine miles from Beverley and twelve from Hull, and situated in a hollow, is a small market and post town called South Cave, in a very pleasant tract of country. The parish church is a plain and neat edifice, dedicated to All saints built as it anneather. Tuesday evening the entertainment closes by an auction sale of the fruit, vegetables and ther articles.

New Collection of Curious Fetiches at the

When all was new mankind lived in a cavern

but it appears from certain family manuscripts in the city of the mists, guarded on all sider guarded by the mountain lion, on the west by the bear, on the south by the badger, on the east by the wolf, in the air above by the eagle and in the earth baron's misiortune, and offered to advance to his lordship £2,000, which was at that time a shown by the eagle and in the earth munificent sum, toward rebuilding the castle, but the houseless baron was in no humor to each the part above mentioned as appertaining to each. At present it is their duty to carry ship he so much dreaded, and this once famous edifice has been suffered to sink into utter kind, for which reason they are prayed to.

so that he was samed for life.

an expedition he takes his image of the particular iey -one to attend the regular semi-monthly rattle market and witness the manner the prey god he desires to propitiate and has it loaded by a priest with the spirit of the divinity. Then he hangs it around his neck and farmers here dispose of their surplus beef, mutton and pork, and how the city and town mutton and pork, and how the city and town bushess supply their meat shops; the other ovisit the extensive and magnificent cathethal also and other ancient structure, which have biddlefiance to the storms for nearly a thousand years.

THE CATTLE MARKET GROUNDS

THE CATTLE MARKET GROUNDS cover a space of about two acres, inclosed by stand no show whatever of success in the chase. Only the priests are able to make the images of a high and substantial brick wail. The surface a high and substantial brick wall. The surface is level, sotid, clean and everything with the may be defined as an object in which a spirithm been induced to dwell for the benefit of the broad alleys extend the entire length of the grounds, and between the sileys are the stalls or pens for the cattle, sheep and pigs. On the right as you enter are the pens for the cattle, on the loft the pens for the sheep and pigs. It takes seven oak posts ten inches in diameter and five teet high, painted white, and six bars of round from one inch in diameter to construct a pen that holds from eight to twelve cattle. The sheep pens are smaller, more numerous and made of lighter material. On the right of the entrance to the grounds is a nest building for the use of the superintendent and his assistants, books, records and the scales, the platform outside adjoining and seen from a window. The weight of the animal is quickly taken in its passage over the iron platform. All the beef cattle soll at a pen that holds from eight to twelve cattle. The sheep pens are smaller, more numerous and made of lighter material. On the right of the entrance to the grounds is a neat building for the use of the superintendent and his assistants, books, records and the scales, the platform outside adjoining and seen from a window. The weight of the animal is quickly taken in its passage over the iron platform. All the beef cattle sold at another or at private sale are weight dand the

WITH THE ENGLISH FARMERS.

A Washingtonian's Visit to Some Old British Towns.

THE CATTLE AND SHEEP MARKET, AND THE ADVANTAGES TO FARMERS—ROW THE ANIMALS ARE SOLD—OLD CATTLEBRALS—BUINS OF BAYARD and fourth Thursday in Herndon or Leesburg, thus furnishing weekly market for Washington and Alexandria, should not be of great benefit

BEVERLEY, YORKSHIRE, September 20, 1891. T WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE TO FIND A part of the world more abounding in points of general interest than this part of the British A few days ago I attended a "Harvest Festiral," at the Wesleyan Methodist Chapel, in in the Indian territory as far south as the City of Mexico and as far to the northwest as the

Driffield. The churches of all denominations in the farming districts of England have their regular annual harvest festivals, which generally continue three days, from Sunday till Tuesday evening, a season of thanksgiving and praise to the Giver of all good and bountiful harvests. There was another attraction about this chapel. It took me near to the spot that once contained the old "meeting house," where John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, often

sion, being profusely decorated with evergreens and the choicest flowers, with which this portion of England is so abundantly supplied. The large pulpit, altars and table were one mass of flowers and vines, while at the base were arranged fruit and vegetables, showing the products of a real entire the deal. the products of a well cultivated soil. The sills of the broad windows were covered with green moss, on which were strewn flowers and a small sheaf of wheat or barley or oats. Yet shall sheaf of wheat or barley or bals, there were three very important articles missing to complete the fine display, namely, the twelve-inch ears of Indian corn, peaches and tomatoes. These essential articles of food for man and beast the cold, wet and cloudy climate. of England refuses to produce. Monday even-ing a sumptuous supper is served to the mem-bers and visitors at the small cost of a sixpence.

FREAKS OF ZUNI WORSHIP

National Museum. A NEW AND VERY INTERESTING CASE in the east wing of the National Museum filled with curiosities associated with the religious worship of the Zuni and other Pueblo Indians in New Mexico and Arizona attracted spond with the grandeur of the exterior. It to contains many spacious and elegant apartments, with a very select and valuable collection of pictures by the best masters; among these is a portrait of the late celebrated Gen. George Washington, the founder of the American republic. gods," in the shape of animals, which the hunter invokes for success in the chase. In order to make it clear just what these beast deities are it is necessary to quote from the with the first in the line of antiquity and account of the creation given by their

votaries. When all was new mankind lived in a cavern in the bowels of the earth. The place was dark and crowded and the people were unhappy. Hearing their lamentations the great sun father sent his two children, armed with the rainbow, the arrow of lightning and a magic knife of flint. With the magic knife the children cut the face of the earth and led out the people into another cavern, which was not so dark. There they multiplied and grew miserable again, until the children were persuaded to conduct them into a third caverh, yet bigger, where there was a sort of twilight, the rays of the sun sifting through the roof.

it was destroyed by fire. The story of the conflagration of Bayard Castle is curious and characteristic of the monarch in whose reign it was destroyed. Henry, who was then in Hull. hearing that Lord Wake had a very beautiful wife, sent a message to his lordship informing him that it was his intention to dine with him the day following. This piece of information Lord Wake received with the feeling that greatly troubled the patriarch Abraham when Pharaoh condescended to notice him on account of his wife Sarai (Geni xii, 11, 12); to say that Lady Wake was his sister would have been unavailing. Her lord, therefore, took a still more effectual means of preserving his wife's honor and his own head, for on the very night that the message was received from the king the steward, by order of his master, set fire to the castle and burnt it to the ground. It was, of course, given out that the fire was accidental,

POINTS OF THE COMPASS AND THEIR COLORS. Among the Pueblo Indians six points of the ompass are recognized and each has its color. Virgin. A stately tower or steeple arises from Virgin. A stately tower or steeple arises from the center. The interior is commodious and well lighted on a clear day, and the walls are adorned with many elegant monaments, especially those of the Burtons. In the choir is an old tombstone without date, nearly as old as the church, erected to the memory of Nicholas de Stuteville, the founder.

the church, erected to the memory of Nicholas de Stuteville, the founder.

There are numerous springs of excellent water in and about the town, and those called kindgate have a remarkable character.—They begin to flow in the spring, and continue for two or three months, when she water totally subsides, and the ground continues perfectly dry for an interval of two, three or four years. During the long suspension the springs are almost forgotten, until the reappearance brings the m to the rememb ance of the inhabitants, who in their familiar language are accustomed. who in their tamiliar language are accustomed to say, "Keidgate springs have broke out

weight entered on a ticket given to the owner. As 200 or more are weighed, one at a time, before 10 o'clock in the morning the weighing process is rapidly performed. The two last stalls at the end of the cattle row are appropriated for the use of the auctioneers; each has two gates, one to admit the animal, and at the word "gone" it is led through the other gate and another quickly takes its place. The bidding is very lively, and as the time is limited to 3 p. m. to dispose of from 150 to 200 animals the auctioneer is not disposed to "fwell" but a minute or two before the hammer drops. Here the butchers and buyers of beef from Hull Beveriey, Cottingham, Driffield and other towns assemble around the suction stalls, and I was surprised to see how expeditiously they supplied their wants. A Driffield and other towns assemble around the suction stalls, and I was surprised to see how expeditiously they supplied their wants. A Driffield butcher, who escorted me to this market, in less than fire minutes from the time he reached the auction stall purchased a fine bullock. We left Driffield at 9 a.m., reached Beverley at 9:20, entered the market at 10 and on the 11 a.m. train the said butcher arrived at his home in Driffield in time for his noon dinner. The animal was delivered from the cattle train early in the afternoon, slaughtered and ready for his customers the next morning.

There are other delties deside the prey gods, however, which have to be propitiated. For example there is the rain god, the sum god, the war god and the sum of the drifties. She is represented by a very extraordinarly fetich, made of an ear of corn wrapped up in a curious bundle, with feathers are those of one cnd. Corn is regarded by these people, who live on that the god of the upper regions, and of other birds associated with religious myths. Rain is prayed for by thrusting into the ground little sticks with feathers attached to them, the scattering of sacred meal and other coremonies accompanying the performance. Each feathers intended to c

present state of Washington. They are tamed now and rapidly dying off, so that it will not be long before their lands will be open to the invasion of a horde of boomers. What renders them chiefly remarkable is their extreme conservatism. While other aboriginal nations have mostly adopted the white man's ways and more or less of his costume, the Kiowas are much the same intelligent savages that their forefathers were when Columbus discovered America. PECULIAR METHOD OF BURIAL One of their peculiarities is their method of burial. Their cemeteries are up in trees. A frame work of strong withes is constructed By O. HESSE, Bethlebem, Pa.

(Composed for The Evening Star.) among the branches, and on this the bodies of the dead are haid, each warrior wrapped in his blankets and with all his property about him. No survivor would ever venture to use anything that had belonged to a person defunct for foar lest the latter's spirit should haunt and destroy him. At the risk of the lives of himself and his party Mr. Mooney of the bureau of ethnology recently procured one of these buriai platforms, taking it down from the tree.

burial platforms, taking it down from the tree in which it was built. Also he brought away a lot of bones that were found on it, and the whole will make a feature of the exhibit re-There was one curiosity of the Kiowas for which Mr. Mooney would almost have been willing to give his own head, but neither he

nor any other white man has ever been per-mitted even to look upon it. It is a bag con-taining the palladium of the tribe—all the grand medicine paraphernalia, &c. Not least important of the contents of this sacred re-ceptacle are 300 scalps of white men and Mexicans, taken in war or by murder. Also there is the outfit of the famous sun dance, in which the young braves acquire their title to warrior-ship by passing lariats through strips of flesh in their breasts and backs, fastening the other in their breasts and backs, fastening the other ends to the saddles of their ponies and causing the latter to tear the ropes loose at full gallop. Among the things which Mr. Mooney did secure are a tomahawk that has killed six men and a spear with a long steel point which has slain twelve persons in fight, wielded by the big chief who owned it. THE ORDER OF THE DOG SOLDIERS.

The most interesting battle trophy obtained, nowever, is a standard of war belonging to an order of knighthood among the Kiowas, which yet bigger, where there was a sort of twilight, the rays of the sun sifting through the roof. Here, however, they were not content, and so they were firally taken forth into the light of day. They were black and naked, with eyes like those of owis, so that the sun blinded them.

Previously the world had been covered with water. Now it was damp, and unstable—in treat, was the motto of these fierce wild men.

was destroyed. Henry, who was then in Hull, hearing that Lord Wake had a very beautiful wife, sent a message to his lordship informing him that it was his intention to dine with him the day following. This piece of information Lord Wake received with the feeling that greatly troubled the patriarch Abraham when Pharaoh condescended to notice him on account of his wife Sarai (Geni. xii, 11, 12); to say that Lady Wake was his sister would have been unavailing. Her lord, therefore, took a still more effectual means of preserving his wife's honor and his own head, for on the very night that the message was received from the king the steward, by order of his master, set fire to che castle and burnt it to the ground. It was, of course, given out that the fire was accidental, but it appears from certain family manuscripts that it was associated and by a subject to another is a miniature the fourth is a boy. Some of the bigger dolls, which do not ride, are very elaborate indeed. There is a warrier doll two feet high, with long hair that evidently once belonged to a dog, a shield with a picture of a buffalo painted on it, a quiver, a bow and arrows, a hair brush and two wooden spoons attached to his belt. The face of the doll is made of buckskin, with the features marked upon it. Such a one the little Kiowa girl does not carry in her arms, but in a sort of cradle on her back, because that is the way in which she will carry her own children

she has them.
Attached to the toy cradle is, always a little bag, which is a miniature copy of the beaded receptacle invariably fastened to the cradle of a real child among the Kiowas. In the latter case it contains the life of the infant, and any mother who permitted this precious article to be lost would be considered guilty of a hemous crime. When the child is big enough to walk

it wears the bag around its neck, and in later years it is put away carefully and preserved. You may purchase the bag itself from a Kiowa Inlian, but never can you buy what it contains, which is simply the umbilious of the owner. Very interesting are the games played by the

Kiowas. The boys are very fond of tops. They are always whip tops, of the same shape as those used by Caucasian youth, with pegs of bone. These a tolescent savages are wonderfully expert in making them whirl and take great pride in their skill at the sport. Another form of amusement is throwing with wooden lances at a target made out of a withe bound in circular shape with a network of rawhide strips.
Counts are made according to the distance from
the bull's eye of the mesh in which the lance sticks. The boys also play a sort of shinny with a leather ball stuffed with deer hair. Still

with a leather bail stuffed with deer hair. Still another favorite sport is the throwing of smooth bones plumed with feathers along the ice in winter. Among the men the most popular game is played with strips of wood variously marked, which are thrown upon the ground, counting according to the marks that fall uppermost. At this much gambling is done for horses or other property.

counting according to the marks that fall uppermost. At this much gambling is done for
horses or other property.

The great women's game is called the
"game of the two dangerous Rivers." It resembles backgammon somewhat, the moves
being determined by the throwing of five sticks.
When a player's throw lands one of her pieces
in one of the streams marked across the checkered blacket she must return to the starting
point. Among other Klowa curiosities obtained by Mr. Mooney is the paraphernalia of
the "mescal feast," which is a semi-religious
celebration. The Indians sit around a fire on
their haunches, each one holding a fan before
hiseyes to shield them from the heat, while
they take turns in tapping a drum and rattling
a dry goard monotonously. At the same time
they keep chewing the root of a sort of cactus,
which produces a stupefving effect, passing each piece of it quickly through the
fame before putting it in the mouth. The scene
at such a featival is described as being exceeding weird.

White to play and mate in four p PROBLEM No. 19. QB KB5 At KB6 White to play and mate in the PROBLEM No. 20 會豐 At Q6 KB3 White to play and mate in two moves The two following problems were diagramed inc PROBLEM No. 21.

中 . White to play and mate in two moves

And black mates in seven moves. (c)

(a) The 'slucco Pann'tssimo. (b) Not good be black castles. (c) It begins to get a little interest after all. (d) Now the fireworks commence. (e) M pyrotechnics. This is all very fine. (f) If BPRI RPXP immediate mate or loss of the queen is incepted. (c) We give a discremental for the property of the property of

White-Fedden Black to play and mate in seven

(a) Very good. He knows that he for white after the rook goes. (b) GAME No. 12

SOLUTIONS AND SOLVERS

B. P. E., 719 7th street, city. As mate can i

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW. Stories and Gossip About the Greatest After-Dinner Orator.

HOW HE LOOKS AND TALKS.

The After-Dinner Speech-The Lecture Stage and the Stump Are Declining-A New York Audience the Most Critical-Foreigners as Chauncey Sees Them-Stories of Lincoln.

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star New York, Oct. 14, 1891.

HAD A LONG CHAT today with Chauncey M. Depew on after-dinner speaking. He is the greatest after-dinner orator in the United States and, by and all, he is one of the most remarkable men in this country. As a lawyer he stood for years at the head of the New York bar. and as attorney for the Vanderbilts and for other great corporations he has held his own

against such men as Roscoe Conkling, William M. Evarts, David Dudley Field and other great lights of this the strongest legal center of the Union. As the strongest legal center of the Union. As president of the New York Central railroad he has for years managed one of the biggest corporations in the country, and as a leading New York politician he has refused the United States senatorship and has declined the request States senatorship and has declined the reques-of the republican party of his state to have his name put before its national conventions as its candidate for the presidency. Chauncey Depew has all his life been asso-

ciated with monopolists and capitalists; still the masses and the laboring men look upon him as their friend, and though he is a strict republican the democrats delight to listen to his speeches. He is one of the busiest men in the United States and apparently the one of our greatest business men having the most leisure. He attends more dinners, perhaps, than any other great railroad president in the country and makes more speeches, than any country and makes more speeches than any professional lecturer or noted statesman. He receives ten requests a day to deliver adcresses or to reply to speeches and toasts, and he told me this afternoon that he made more than three speeches every week, year in and year out, and that his average had been more than a hundred speeches per annum for years. In these speeches Ma Depew never repeats himself. The charge that he retails his own stories until they become chestnuts is not true, for all of his speeches are published and he speaks again and again year after year to the same associa-tions, and of course has to have a new speech every time. How he does it is a wonder to every one. The only explanation of it is that he is a genius and that he knows how to work his genius so that it will produce the greatest results.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE NEW YORK CENTRAL. The daily life of a man like this ought to be interesting. I have had some chance to study Mr. Depew's habits today. I called this morning at the New York Central offices and spent a part of the day watching the president's work, noting the stream of callers which flowed almost constantly in and out of his room and chatting with his private secretary, Mr. Duval, about him.



Mr. Depew's desk is littered with papers, and you note by the postage stamps on his letters hat his mail comes from all parts of the world. that his mail comes from all parts of the world.

"He receives," said Mr. Duval, "an average of fifty personal letters a day, and his business mail runs up into the hur reds. Some of his mail he never sees, a part of it he answers by stenographers, but the most of his personal letters receive replies in his own handwriting. He is a very rapid writer, is rarely at a loss for a word to express his meaning, and he dictates quite as readily as he writes. He gets to his office between 9 and 10 o clock every morning

and first takes up his mail and his newspaper clippings. He is probably as much quoted as sny man in the country and he receives com-ments upon his work from newspapers both in As soon as Mr. Depew gets to the office his callers begin to come. They besiege him at his residence before he starts down town and they are here in force by the time he arrives. The all who have any business with him. He is, in fact, one of the most accessible men in New York, and he is so even tempered that he remains cool when all of the rest of his officers about him are angry. He never gets worried and never loses his grip and he works steadily along from the time he gets to the office until

about 1, when he goes out for his lunch. HOW CHAUNCEY DEPEW SPEAKS. Let me give you a picture of Chauncey Depew as he makes an after-dinner speech. He looks more like a preacher than a club man, and he stands swinging his glasses in his hand, looking out of his sober blue eves up and down the table, his cultured, clerical face makes you wonder when he stepped out of the pulpit and whether after all it is not a mistake and he is not about to ask grace. He begins to talk. His words come freely and naturally. He smiles a little as he tells a good story, and his smiles a little as he tells a good story, and his blue eyes twinkle as he wittily replies to the saily of one of the men from the other side of the table. As he goes on his face beams with good fellowship and you note that his fifty-eight years have not made him old, and that though his hair and beard are frosted silver his soul is as young as that of his soul is as young as that of any boy about the board. As he continues you find that his speeches are more than stories. You note that

the speaker is not only an orator, but a man THE AFTER-DINNER STAGE. Returning to Mr. Depew's business life, I

before the end of that year we had made it a first-class college literary association. We then rented a hall and gave a dinner, and at this dinner I made my first after-dinner speech. I don't remember very much about it, save that I got through with it all right."

"How about the English? Are they good after-dinner speakers?"

"No, they are not," replied Mr. Depew. "The English lack that element of humor which makes up such an important part of the American character, and they don't appreciate the after-dinner speech as we do. They make some speeches at their dinners, but it is not uncommon for a speech to be two hours long, and a two-hour speech without the humorous element has to be extraordinarily good to be worth listening to." waited for several hours to have an interview at his office, but imperative work kept piling up, and it was 3 o'clock before I got access to and. At 3:15 he had to make the train for his summer home at Pawling, two hours from New York, his engagements were all full for the morrow, and he finally suggested that I jump on the cars and run up to Pawling with him and we could have our all to the train. and we could have our talk on the train. He ordered a pass for me, and ten minutes later we were seated in a chair car on the New York Central railroad, the train going at forty miles an hour, and Mr. Depew talking in response to my questions at the rate of a hundred and fifty words per minute. The following is the substance of our talk:



IN THE CHAIR CAR. "Mr. Depew, how do you find it possible to get voor mind away from your business

and railway down to your after-dinner speech?" and railway down to your after-dinner speech?"

"It is hard sometimes," replied Mr. Depew,
"but I have the faculty of leaving my business
at my office, and such success as I have had in
life I attribute largely to the fact that I can
alrop my business and get rest by thinking of
other things. As a rule, whatever be the cares
of the day, ten minutes after I have gotten to
any house I have dismissed them altogether,
and I do not take them an again until the next

when it enters a new field. The trouble with most men is that they have only one pace and they never get out of it. They confine themselves to thinking about three things, their business, themselves and their families. They run at this business and personal pace their lives through, and if they ever chance to speak in public they use business terms and their language is that of the commonplace. They surround their souls with the most practical environment and they never get out of it. Now, the plane of the dinner table is a higher one than that of business life, and in preparing for a speech I find I must first get my mind on a different level

CHAUNCEY AND THE REPORTER.

DEPEW'S FIRST AFTER-DINNER SPEECH.

GREAT FOREIGNERS AS CHAUNCEY SEES THEM

timately and there is hardly a prominent man in England with whom he has not been more or less associated. I asked him to give me an idea of the Prince of Wales. Said Mr. Depew:

"The Prince of Wales is more of a man than he gets credit for being. The English government is so constituted that he is not able to show what is in him. Suppose the Prince of Wales on arriving at his majority had been treated as the son of one of our great railway managers is treated. The railway man's son is given a place low down in

"Will you tell me, Mr. Depew, the story of

I must first get my mind on a different level from the one I have been working on all day. I do this by reading McCauley's Essays. Ten minutes' reading turns my thoughts into a new channel. I cast off the clothes of every-day work and my soul seems to be rehabilitated into a more intellectual and critical garb. I can then think of the audience I am to address and by remem-"Mr. Gladstone," replied Mr. Depew, "is undoubtedly a very great man, but I do not think he would be as great in America as he is in England. He is in some respects the most wonderful man I have ever heard of, and he is the most versatile man I have ever known. We have no one here now nor in our history who compares with him. The nearest approach to him was Edward Everett. Daniel Webster was a the audience I am to address, and by remem-bering the people I am to meet adapt my rebering the people I am to meet adapt my marks to them. It doesn't seem to make much difference which part of McCauley I read, and a few minutes changes the pace of my mind entirely."

"Do you write out your speeches, Mr. De"Do you write out your speeches, Mr. Dedifferent fields and surprise you by his wonderful chility in all."

"an went on. "an "Do you write out your speeches, Mr. Depew?"

Not my after-dinner speeches," was the reply. "I only write out such as I have to make for an important occasion, as, for instance, such as my speech at the celebration of the Bartholdi statue. I try to think up my speeches before I go to dinner. On most occasions I leave my office at 4 o'clock and I compose my talks between 4 and 6. I first take a taste of McCauley and then go over my line of thought, fixing as far as possible what I am going to say. I find, however, that my speeches that I make at dinner are often far different from those I plan dout. I have dictated, I venture, at least 100 speeches in the street cars and under the light of the street gas lamps. Newspaper reporters

ability in all.

"I remember," Mr. Depew went on, "an evening I spent with Mr. Gladstone. I was the only guest at a dinner which a gentleman gave to enable me to become more acquainted with him. We sat two hours at the table and during the meal Mr. Gladstone talked of the great questions of European and American politics, and I found him thoroughly versed in all the issues relating to this country. He discussed other matters with equal facility. After the dinner was over it was proposed by our hostess that we all go to the opera and Mr. Gladstone consented. During the opera Mr. Gladstone was absorbed. He did not speak nor take his eyes off the stage. Between the acts he talked of music. He showed an inexhaustive and critical knowledge of all the great composers. He entertained us with a lecture, as it were, on the present opera and its rank among the other great operas of the world, and he left me sur-prised at his wonderful knowledge of music. It is the same in art, and I doubt whether there is

"How did Mr. Gladstone impress you?"

A PICTURE OF LORD SALISBURY.

"Can you tell me anything of the premier, Lord Salisbury?" "Lord Salisbury is undoubtedly a very able man," replied Mr. Depue. "As to his foreign policy, both the English people and the states-men of other countries consider it the ablest England has had for years. As to his ideas of home rule and other matters there is, of course, great difference of opinion, but no one disputes his ability in foreign affairs. I met Lord Salisbury while I was in England and I found him a very pleasant talker and a man of ideas. He is over six feet tall and he is a man of great in-dependence of thought and action. This gives you the impression at first meeting that he is an egotist, but this wears off upon acquaint-

GERMANY'S YOUNG EMPEROR. "Did you ever meet the young Emperor of

"Yes," replied Mr. Depew. "I met him four years before he became emperor. At this time his father was living and his grandfather, Kaiser Wilhelm, was the emperor. I met him with them and I was then very much impressed which I am to speak. They sometimes come to the railroad offices, but as I haven't composed the speeches I can't, of course, give them to them. When they insist, however, I tell them them. When they insist, however, I tell them to come to the house at 6 o'clock and I will dictate the speech to them before going to the dinner. As a rule, however, I don't get started at my composition until nearly 5 and it is often dinner. As a rule, however, I don't get started at my composition until nearly 5 and it is often 6 before I am dressed. If I am not ready for them when they call they wait, and I often have them jump in the cars with me and I dictate what I am going to say *2 we go along. The dictation is sometimes concluded in front of the banquet hall, and, I think, I dictated at least twenty speeches in this way last year. When the speeches are published the difference between the dictated speech and that inspired by the surroundings of the evening is often apparent, but I find that the dictation enables me to make a better speech. It clarifies my thoughts and gives me a better control of my ideas." insisted upon this, but the young emperor thought differently, and told Bismarck that he

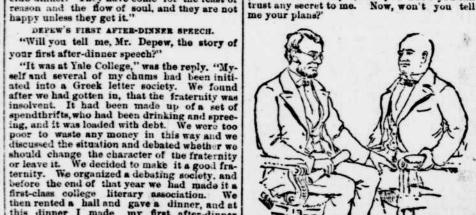
"How long, Mr. Depew, do you think an after-dinner speech should be?"
"The platform orator of today who speaks intended to try it.
"'In that case,' replied Bismarck, 'I hand more than one hour at a time," replied Mr.
Depew, "is a fool, and no after-dinner speech
should extend over forty minutes. Twenty
minutes is better than forty, and the speech you my resignation.'
"'All right,' replied the emperor, 'I accept "This, in plain every-day language," con-

two hundred distinguished men sit down, and you have as able and as critical an audience as take the vote of our soldiers, and I think this vote carried New York for some of which have never been published. One I remember related to John Ganson, a democratic Congressman from western New York. Ganson was a war democrat and when he came here to Washington he crat and when he came here to Washington he crat and when he came here to Washington he crat and when he came here to Washington he crat and when he came here to Washington he crat and when he came here to Washington he crat and when he came here to Washington he crat and when he came here to Washington he crat and when he came here to Washington he crat and when he came here to Washington he crat and when he came here to Washington he crat and when he came here to Washington he crat and when he came here to Washington he crat and wanted to use up half-an-hour's time," replied Mr. Bowser.

"And every one of them speaks of how lonely you were, and with what joyous anticipations! I'd be apt vote carried New York for Lincoln at his sec-ond election. I heard a number of stories of you will find in the world. Some people sneer at them as a collection of do-nothing millionaires. dinner is composed of self-made men. They have come to New York from all parts of the United States, because they have grown too big for their surroundings elsewhere and have needed a larger field. New York city is made up of that sort of men, and these are the suc-cessful men of New York. Do you know what that means? Well, out of every one hun-dred business men in New York ninety-eight fail. New York takes the cream of the whole country and these men are the cream of New York. They are well-read men and they are men of his became quite intimate. As the war went on now-ever, disasters continued to come and in the dark-est days of the struggle when calamity followed calamity and when Congress was asked to vote money and men only to see the first apparently lost and the latter destroyed many of the members became anxious to know what the Presiare well-read men and they are men of brains. They are men to whom time is money and who appreciate it. They feel that they can't afford dent's policy was. Ganson was among them and he called at the White House and had an interview with President Lincoln. New Gan-son was peculiar in that he did not have a hair on his head. His pute was as bald as an ostrich o waste a minute, and if your speech drifts man call 'Time.' They want new ideas, and unless you can give them they don't want you. The same speech which will be applauded in a country town, where the diners come in on the broad grin and expect to be pleased, will fall flat in New York, and most of our so-called 'silver-tonged orators' fail when they speak at one of our big dinners. The dinner itself to a New York diner-out amounts to nothing. The men at the table have not come to eat. They are used to good dinners, and many of them have better dinners on their own tables than you will get at any club dinner. They have come for the feast of reason and the flow of soul, and they are not happy unless they get it."

on his head. His pate was as bald as an ostrich egg and his face, whether from shaving or from nature, showed neither a hair nor a bristle. He came into President Lincoln's room, was received cordially and made a most carnest plea for information. After saying what he had given up for the cause of the republican party and for President Lincoln he continued:

"Now, Mr. President, you know what I've done for you and for the Union. I don't want you to do anything for me, but I do want you to take me into your confidence. You're a law-yer and I m a lawyer, and you know you can trust any secret to me. Now, won't you tell me your plans?" their watches come out and the eyes of every man call 'Time.' They want new ideas, and



GANS, WHY DON'T YOU SHAVE? "As Ganson said this his bare, sober face be me more sober than ever and the serious look in his eyes seemed to crawl up over the front of his forehead until his whole baid cranium became the personification of anxious inquiry. The President looked at him half a minute and then his homely mouth twitched, a laughing look crept into his eyes and he leaned over and, putting his hand on Gauson's knee, said, in the most quizzical tones, these words:

From after-dinner speaking the conversation drifted to other matters, and Mr. Depew chatted with me concerning some of the noted people across the water. He is a close friend of the Prince of Wales. He knows Gladstone intimately and there is hardly a prominent man in England with whom he has not been more or less associated. I asked him to give me an idea of the Prince of Wales. Said Mr. Depew:

"This was all Ganson could get out of him, and there was in fact no more cautious President Lincoln." President Lincoln. "President Lincoln." President Lincoln. "Was one of the greatest men I have ever met and he best story teller I have ever listened to. He knew thow to frame a story and he located his anecdotes so they seemed to be made for the very occasion upon which he uttered them, and when finished they fitted the question at issue like a glove and supported

question at issue like a glove and supported Lincoln's idea better than volumes of logic.

WHY HE REFUSED THE JAPAN MISSION.

Chauncey Depew was offered by President Lincoln the mission to Japan when he was still under thirty. Had he accepted it he would

our great railway managers is treated. The railway man's son is given a place low down in the offices of the road. After he has learned this he is advanced step by step to the operating department, and if he shows himself worthy he continues to advance until he learns the whole machinery of the railway and is fitted at last to take charge of the road. Suppose the Prince of Waies had been given an assistant secretaryship of the treasury—a place where he would have had to do with all the routine and detail of the office without being able to affect its policy. After he had been here for some time suppesse he had been transferred to an assimilar place in the colonial office and after some years transferred to an under ministership of war. In this way he might have learned the inner workings of the great government of which he is in the future to be the head. He would have learned men as well as parties and government machinery, and he would now be fitted to take charge of the government at any moment.

Had he accepted it he would intert, that he would now be sent the youngest foreign minister in our history. His name was sent into the Senate and he was confirmed, but he refused to take the place, and I asked him this after noon why he did so.

He replied: "My refusal to take the mission to Japan was the turning point in my life. I go to Japan my career must be a political one. I will have four years of diplomatic service in the past and then, if I do well. I may possibly be transferred to one of the missions in the past and then, whether the administration changes or not, I am sure to be recalled, for we never keep a minister abroad more than eight years at a time. As it is, I am shout thirty years old. I have a fair practice and a good acquaintance. Mr. Vanderbilt has offered me the attorneyship of the New York Central railroad. It is a small corporation, but it may grow,

and our conversation was over. Mr. Depew and myself got out of the cars together. The arms of the rich railroad president were full of bundles, which he was carrying home to his children, and as he stepped across the street to the hotel Mrs. Depew, a couple of bright look-ing little girls and young Ch. uncey Mitcheli Dependent on the steep to most him Asl. Depew were on the steps to meet him. As I stood on the steps of the cargoing back to New York I saw him kiss them all around, and as the cars whisked me away his hearty laugh mingled with that of his children rang out, and he seemed as far away from capitalists, rail roads, politics and society as though these things were not in existence and his only world was home. Frank G. Carpenter. MR. AND MRS. BOWSER. some Old Recollections Revived and De

"Well," replied Mr. Depew, "I had not then gotten to be president of the New York Central

"And how about the future?"
"A wise man has no time to think about the future. As for me, I find it keeps me busy to keep up with the present."

By this time the train had reached Pawling

"I see," said Mrs. Dowser, as she sat reading the paper the other evening, while Mr. Bowsen was trying to dig a peg out of his shoe-"I see that another Brooklyn man has run away and left his wife." "Has, eh? Well, I don't wonder at it," replied Mr. Bowser.

"Did you read the item?" "Oh, but I know how it all happened. He found out that he couldn't take a bit of comfort in his home, and he left it. No one knows the misery that poor man suffered before he took that step." "It doesn't say he was unhappy."

"Of course not. No husband ever gets jus-tice, to say nothing of pity. I'll bet he suf-fered d thousand deaths before he walked away to die in some lonely spot by his own hand."
"Well, dear, you'll never be driven away by any act of mine," she said as she went over an kissed him. "W-what in thunder are you doing?" shouted Mr. Boweer as he dropped the shoe and sprang

"Why, I kissed you." "Well, I don't want anybody blowing into my ears or spitting on my chin! What struck ou all at once?"
"There was a time, Mr. Bowser—there was "When what?"
"When you said that if I would kiss you yo
would be the happiest man in the whole world.

"Never! Never even hinted at such a thing! I wasn't that sort of a noodle head!"
"Mr. Bowser! Why, there was for three months, while I was waiting to make up my months, while I was waiting to make up my mind to marry you, that you said you could hardly live from day to day."

"Waiting! you waiting! Well, that is cool! That tickles me—ha! ha! ha!" he shouted, as he held his sides.

"Yes, waiting."

"Why—ha!—ha!—ha!—you said 'yes' so mighty quick you bit your tougue in doing it! The iden of me pining and wasting away because I feared you would say no!"

cause I feared you would say no!" "Do you remember the pet name you used to call me?" she asked.

"Pet nonsense!"
"You called me your red wild rose."
"Red wild pigweed! Are you getting soft in
the head, Mrs. Bowser?" minutes is better than forty, and the speech should be short and pithy.

CRITICAL NEW YORK.

"Mr. Depew, you have addressed audiences in every city of any size in the United States. What is the most difficult after-dinner audience to please?"

"A New York dinner party, by all means," was Mr. Depew's reply. "There is nothing like such an audience on the face of the United States. Take one of our big dinners at which States. Take one of our big dinners at which should be short and pithy.

"This, in plain every-day language," continued Mr. Bowser?"

"It seems curious to me," she continued, without noticing his sarcasm, "that when a would have refused, and I believe that strength here was allied to greatness."

NEW STORIES OF LINCOLN.

I asked Mr. Depew something as to his connection with President Lincoln. He replied:

"It does, eh? It might be the case of a spoony young noodle-head, but it wouldn't with a sensible fellow. I never lost any sleep on your account."

"Nearly all your letters to me were date

pations you looked forward to your next call."
"Lonely! Joyous anticipations! I'd be apt
to be lonely when there were a dozen or more
mighty good-looking girls after me, wouldn't I?"
"But in a few briet years after marriage how
the average husband does change," observed
Mrs. Bow er, as if speaking to herself.
"Yes, that's it. You hunted me down and got me to marry you, and now you are trying to make my home happy. If you are feeling

badly why don't you go and make yourself some catnip tea."
"Husbands talk about happy homes," she "Husbands talk about happy homes, "but continued, as she looked the paper over, "but what do they do to make it happy?" "Yes, pitch into husbands! growled Mr. "Yes, pitch into husbands! growled Mr. Bowser, as he swept over the shoepeg and savagely kicked at the cat, which came to rub

herseif against his leg.

"While they are courting they are all smiles and soft talk, but the honeymoon is no sooner over than they stand revealed in their true colors."
"Keep pitching right in, Mrs. Bowser Nothing like a fault-finding wife to make home pleasant!" "Do you remember that Fourth of July even-

ing when we sat on the veranda? sine asked.
"I shall always remember what you said that night and how much the situation affected "Affected me! What on earth are you talking about?"
"You took my hand in yours, Mr. Bowser. love you."
"Never! If you'd swear to that on sixteen

"Never! If you'd swear to that on sixteen family libles I wouldn't believe it."

"You said that life was but a dreary waste to you before I crossed your path, and—"

"I never did—never! never!" he shouted as he sprang up. "No one but you ever charged me with being an idiot or a lipertial." "Mr. Bowser, didn't you say that if I didn't marry you you'd surely kill yourself?"

"Didn't you once show me some baking powder in a pill box and tell me it was strych-nine, and that you'd take it if I married any one else?"
"Nover! Never cared two cents whether you married me or not."

"And you deny that when father came out one evening and threw you off the stoop and told you never to come back that you wrote

me you—"
"Threw me off the stoop! Your father!
By the great hornspoon, but this is too much
lirs. Bowser! Threw me! I'd like to have
seen the whole caboodle of your relations throw to compare my eyes to stars and tell me that it would be the one effort of your life to make

me happy?"

"Eyes! Stars! The idea of my talking any such bosh! I came home expecting to spend a happy evening in the bosom of my family and you've gone and knocked it all over! That's

wife forty times a day that she's his shining star she's ready to kick and make his home miserable. I may be driven out any day now. I ve seen it coming for the last two years, but I was helpless. I'm going to lock up and go to bed. Good-night, Mrs. Bowser!" Ups and Downs of Chicago Life. Correspondence of the Augusta Chronicle.

One of the queer things about Chicago is the sudden changes in wealth and social station going on all the time. "What has become of George 8-

one of our mutual friends. "The last I knew of him he was getting \$20 a week on the Tri-

AT QT KB KKG KB; QB3 KB2 QG QK2 QB

(a) KKt-K2 was better. (b) Looks white gets out o: it very cleverly.